

## The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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## Notice.

We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

A New Jersey Judge has defined drunkenness as "voluntary illness."

According to a Paris paper the crown of the King of Portugal, which was recently repaired by a jeweler, is the most costly in the world, being valued at \$8,000,000.

A Minnesota man has made six hundred barrels of excellent vinegar from watermelons and a large quantity from watermelons and muskmelons combined.

Tennyson is said to have declared that the late Mrs. Alexander's "The Burial of Moses" was one of the few poems by a living writer of which he would have been proud to be the author.

An English mathematician has figured it out that the sun will consume itself and all living creatures belonging to the solar system in 10,000,000 years, but he will not get much credit for his calculation even if it is correct.

Massachusetts, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan have taken censuses this year and last. The total gain of population since 1890 shown by the five States is estimated at 971,550, or not quite half their increase for the corresponding time in the last decade.

The new biography of John Stuart Blackie recalls the sturdy old professor's famous remarks at the temperance meeting where he was called on to preside. In expressing astonishment that he should be asked to such a post he said: "If a man asks me to dine with him and does not give me a good glass of wine I say he is neither a Christian nor a gentleman. Germans drink beer, Englishmen wine, ladies tea and fools water."

Even the phylloxera cannot stand the smell of Spanish garlic. El Defensor de Granada says that the village of Valor, in the Alpujarras, used to export large quantities of garlic to Mexico and the United States. Of late years the demand has fallen off, the farmers being left with their crops on their hands. One farmer took it into his head to use his spoiled garlic as manure for his vines, which were consumed by the phylloxera. The plants came up clean and strong, with no trace of disease. Last winter his neighbors imitated him, with the same result.

There will be much interest in the experiment soon to be made with a horseless vehicle at Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, by a well-known bicycle manufacturer of that place. This particular experimenter says he is convinced that the Continental manufacturers have attacked the problem at the wrong end, basing their experiments on vehicles very similar to the old-fashioned horse carriage, while he will approach the test from the standpoint of the bicycle. His motor vehicle will have bicycle wheels, and in other respects will be as light as possible, will be run by standard gasoline engines, and ought in the near future, he believes, to be selling in the market at \$250.

Sylvanus Sawyer, the inventor of the rifled cannon, has just died in Templeton, Massachusetts, at the age of seventy-three. From his early boyhood, says the Springfield Republican, he showed a strong mechanical bent. In 1850 he invented a machine for splitting rattan. In 1854 he tested the model of his rifled cannon. The test is thus described by C. H. Kelton, the owner of the shop in Templeton where he finished the model: The trial took place in a meadow a short distance from his home. He had rigged up a pair of wheels taken from his father's hay-cart and thus had drawn it down to the meadow. About a third of a mile away he had also rigged up a target composed of heavy oak planks from four to six inches thick and about ten feet square. He got us all down about the gun and then loaded it with about a pound of powder; and though confident of his own invention he did not dare trust himself in its immediate neighborhood, but attached a fuse several feet long, lighted it—and then the whole crowd of us ran like deer for about a quarter

of a mile. But nothing serious occurred. When the explosion took place, the projectile went straight as a bullet to the mark, exploded as he planned that it should, and tore most of the target to pieces. Thus successful was the first rifled cannon ball ever fired in this or any other country. A second discharge with the same precautions was not so successful, it striking the target askew; for it took later experience to teach that this was the fault of the projectile, and that to secure the straight passage through the air it must be of even thickness and evenly balanced. Later, after many experiments, it was adopted by the War department as an improvement of great value.

## ANOTHER BLESSING.

Free wool has done so much for this country that it is now announced that the woolen mills will have to shut down on account of dull business. The treasurer of the great Harris Woolen company of Woonsocket makes the statement that only 120 of 150 looms have been running lately, and that he has not had orders to keep the mill running at full capacity for some time. It is this concern with its celebrated cloths is obliged to have one-fifth, or twenty per cent, of its machinery idle on account of lack of demand, what must be the situation in mills whose products are less known and not in constant demand?

Meanwhile the woolen industry in England seems to be all right. This country has been greatly blessed in being the humble instrument by which the prosperity of the woolen and shoddy mills of England has been increased, and the theorists who have made it the humble instrument are entitled to full credit for the glorious achievement.

## THE DEVIL AND THE CROW.

It is now generally known that the devil is not as black as he has been painted, and that the prince and the principle of evil are necessary and, on the whole, rather respectable features of the universe. This being so, nobody need be surprised by the discovery that the crow is a bird to whom the farmer owes gratitude rather than poisoned corn, terror-breeding scarecrows and deadly buckshot. The blackness of the crow's exterior cannot, of course, be mitigated, but the blackness of his character can be. Those who have had a field of corn devastated in its early youth by the crow will be glad to know that he did not really mean it, and that he would not have done it had he known that the corn was valued by the growers thereof. And those who have had a field so devastated twice in one season will be doubly glad to know that the crow did not really deserve the "cussing" he got.

The crow's interior department has been studied by the department of agriculture and the result of the study is as cheering as the news that criminals are not bad, but are only sick. It is a great relief to find that the crow is not a devil, and that if he has stolen young corn he has not done it with malice aforethought. Nearly a thousand stomachs of the bird were examined and it appeared that corn formed only twenty-five per cent. of the food of adult crows and that most of this was waste grain of no commercial value. In the case of cultivated fruits the loss from crows is trivial. On the other hand, injurious insects such as grasshoppers, May beetles and cut-worms form over twenty-six per cent. of the entire food of crows. After the May beetle season has passed grasshoppers constitute the greater part of the insect food of crows to the end of the fall. Crows also destroy mice, rabbits and other injurious rodents.

Good enough. Now let the farmers treat the crow with the confidence and respect he merits. Let no more strings or scarecrows be put up around or in the cornfields. Let the crow be encouraged to come into the cornfields, and if in his hunt for injurious insects he happens to pull up the corn let it be remembered that corn forms only twenty-five per cent. of the food of adult crows. There has been too little confidence in and too little respect for the devil and for the crow. That modern investigation has shown both to be worthy of more esteem than they have had indicates the tendency of modern investigation.

## WOMEN'S WORK AND PAY.

Why do women get less pay than men for the same kind of work? The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics has tried to find out, and though it has not wholly succeeded it has made some progress toward success. The inquiry was directed to those engaged in pursuits chiefly professional, technical, and mercantile, and they were invited to give not only facts but opinions. Though the returns are not very comprehensive, they cover a considerable range of employment and are well distributed over the country. On the question of immediate interest, 150 of the 281 employed on the same work as men report that men receive more pay than women, 85 report the same pay for both, and 5 that men receive less than women. The reasons often advanced for different rates of pay, that men have to support others than themselves, and are more constant in their avocations than are women, are weakened somewhat by the results of the inquiry. It appears that a large

percentage of the women of whom inquiries were made—41.2 per cent.—contributed to the support of others, and that the great majority of them have followed only one employment. To the direct question as to why they do not receive as much compensation as the men, the women give various answers. Among the point brought out is that women lower their pay because so many of them can and will work for "pocket money." This harmonizes, to an extent, with the answer given by the majority of employers questioned, that the lower rate of compensation paid to women is due to competition. Another point, emphasized by the women, is the temporariness of work in the woman's view. Although no woman actually says it, many hint that the actual work from day to day is not so well done as it might be, because the woman is thinking constantly of what she is to do in the direction of avoiding the necessity of working. All employers and employees are agreed that women should receive the same pay as men for the same work, and all ask earnestly for better preparation in fields where women are capable of good work.

## FASHION NOTES.

Mohair an All the Year Round Stuff. In strong contrast to the rich wools so much worn for the street, mohair continues to have distinct popularity, and is shown even in combination with fur. It doesn't seem, somehow, like good advice to suggest mohair dresses at this time of year, but they are doing it. Who are they? Why, the fashionable ones, and surely models like that pictured below are excuse enough for their choice. In this example the stuff is brown, is lined with the same shade



of silk and stiffened in the plain godet skirt. The fitted bodice extends a little below the waist line and has three plaits in the back and front that reach from neck to waist, besides three more of graduated lengths placed on top of the first and trimmed with groups of tiny steel buttons. The collar is of folded mohair, and even the toque is made of the dress stuff and trimmed with an accordion pleated peasant bow of it.

If the example set by women of exact taste and a model of the simple beauty of this one be not enough to attract toward a mohair dress to be made as soon as possible or sooner, then it will be safe enough to defer the mohair gown till spring, or to keep it for the house. No other material in so pretty for little morning dresses, and it is now shown in china blues, rose pinks and butter yellows. Little dresses made up with lace and ribbon crisp and dainty as only mohair can be, will keep fresh and pretty longer than anything else that does not depend on starch. While the heaving of the rushing novelist lounges in a soft negligee all day long in her boudoir, and in a boudoir with an "in" mind you—the average woman wants a gown that will be pretty and at the same time take wear and shed dust. The latter quality is above all things that of mohair, and in such a dress you can spell boudoir "sitting-room."

## FLORETTA.

## CONSIDERATE.

"Ah," he sighed as his wife went to enter with the delegation of her constituents, "this is no such campaign as mother used to make."—Detroit Tribune.

Magistrate—If you were there for no dishonest purpose, why were you in your stockinged feet? Burglar—I heard there was sickness in the family, your worship.—Tit-Bits.

"He is good-natured, is he?" "Good-natured? Why, I have known that man to wear a smiling face when he was speaking of taking off a porous plaster!"—Boston Courier.

"I wonder," mused Rivers, "what Colonel Trotter, the sporting man, is going to Africa for." "Perhaps," suggested Banks, "he wants to make a book on the black race."—Chicago Tribune.

He—The colors along the country roads this fall seem more beautiful and variegated than ever. She—Oh, indeed? You've noticed some of the loud bicyclist bloomers, have you?—Yonkers Statesman.

Something Wrong—It was a very cold morning, and Bobbie came rushing into the house very much excited. "Mother," he cried, "there's something the matter with me. Please send for the doctor. I'm breathing fog!"—Harper's Round Table.

Jinks—To-day I pleased a pretty woman by telling her that a certain red-faced, snub-nosed, bald-headed mortal looked like her. Winks—Get out! Jinks—The red-faced, snub-nosed, bald-headed mortal was her first baby.—New York Weekly.

The Benefit of the Doubt.—Matron—Now, is this novel a fit one for my daughter to read? Bookseller—H'm. Well, candidly, madam, I think it a book of doubtful morality. Matron—Well, I'll take it. Most of those I've read lately have been of undoubted immorality.—Life.

Similar.—Mr. Wickwire—I wonder what are the feelings of a deposed sovereign? Mrs. Wickwire—I imagine the contrast is something similar to that felt when one has bought all one wants, and is merely sitting around in the way, waiting for her change.—Indianapolis Journal.

"You certainly have selected the loveliest spot in the cemetery for your husband's grave," said the clergyman consolingly. "I'm sure he would be gratified." The widow shook her head. "John wasn't that kind," she said doubtfully. "He was one that never was contented with his lot."—Harper's Bazar.

The Arctic Excursionist.—Far from the frigid North he had returned defeated, dismayed, discouraged. "And so," his interviewer asked, "you were again baffled in your quest for the Pole?" The Explorer sighed sadly. "Yes," he said; "the expedition was a frost, and our provisions gave out; but even then—his tones were as sad as ever—'we lived upon the fat of the land.' And at the recollection he broke down and blubbered again.—Puck.

Their First Quarrel.—She—Strange how married people can quarrel, isn't it, dear? Here we've been married two whole weeks, and not an unkind word has passed between us.

Until you begin it, I never shall.

She—That's just like a man. I know you'll be the first to quarrel.

He—Now don't be unreasonable, dear.

You—She—You never used to think me unreasonable. Why didn't you find that out before you married me? Etc., etc., etc. Tears and door slam.—Boston Transcript.

## FLORIDA CANNIBALS.

One of the Discoveries of Professor Moore, an Enthusiast on Floridian Antiquities. (From the Florida Citizen.)

As a field for the scientific research of archaeologists and anthropologists Florida has been fruitful from the time of Le Moyne, who escaped the St. Johns river massacre in the latter part of the sixteenth century, to the present date.

Le Moyne was among the first, if not the first, explorer of Florida antiquities, and he came under the many disadvantages of three centuries ago, and in a country full of hostile tribes and infested with more hostile white men. The latest follower of this daring explorer is a gentleman who is about to start from this port on a tour of investigation of Florida's antiquities, in a vessel built and equipped for the special purpose, and accompanied on the voyage by a small coterie of congenial friends. This gentleman is Professor C. B. Moore, representative of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, and his vessel is the Gopher, which has been built by the Merrill-Stevens Engineering company of this city, and which has been built specially adapted to floating in shallow waters. It also combines all the comforts of a winter home, a library, study rooms and laboratories, dark rooms for photography, and all the paraphernalia necessary in the study of natural history, wherever the chance for such study may be found.

The Gopher is a stern wheel vessel, one hundred feet in length and of twenty-one feet beam. She is equipped with two one hundred horse power engines and all the necessary boiler capacity. These occupy a large portion of the main deck, on which are also located the cooking arrangements, the quarters for the crew of six, and the storage of small boats and ship supplies. The upper deck is fitted with the cabins and staterooms of those who make the boat their home during the next five or six months. The deck-house is divided into five large sleeping rooms, a storeroom for the care of scientific instruments and the extra baggage of the party, and a dark room for the development of photographic exposures and other work connected with the preparation of the pictorial reports of the work that is to be accomplished. The forward end of the house is one large room, neatly furnished, which will be used as the dining and working room of the scientists.

The party was made up of Professor Moore, who is at the head of the work, and from whose pen will come the reports to the scientific world of the researches that are made here. His associates are Dr. M. G. Miller, Dr. B. Henry and Dr. O. S. Walker, each of whom will make a study of some particular branch of the general subjects that are to be investigated. Professor Moore was called upon yesterday afternoon in his commodious quarters on the Gopher, just as the boat was about to leave for a trial trip up the river. She has made but a few short runs, and it was considered necessary to prove the machinery before any extended trips of investigation shall be undertaken.

"I have spent twenty-one winters in Florida," he said, "and I have made quite a study of her extinct races, as well as of her present inhabitants. I carry a crew of six men, besides the engineer and captain, and all of these men I have had with me for several seasons before. They are all trained mound diggers, and they know what kind of work is required of them in that branch. I have made a special study of the mounds of Florida, and I have opened at least one hundred shell mounds, and nearly two hundred sand mounds in this state. The collection of Florida anthropology and relics in the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences is the best in the world, and is larger than all others combined."

"The shell mounds of Florida are deposits of the shells of fish that were eaten by the early inhabitants of this country, and are really refuse heaps. Above Palatka the shells are those of fish that could live in fresh waters, and resemble what I should call a periwinkle. From Palatka to Jacksonville there are a few of these mounds, and below here and nearer to the ocean the shells are those of the oyster. The extent of these mounds is sometimes marvelous, and shows that they must have been the accumulation of great spaces of time. That mound from which C. H. Curtis of Bluffton has been sending some samples for paying your streets in Jacksonville, covers about thirty-five acres, and I have dug into it to a maximum depth of twenty-five feet. You will see that they are not mounds of conical shape, like the sand mounds, but were formed as I think, by the throwing aside of the

shells as the fish were consumed by the Indians. At every depth of the formation I have found a fireplace in which fish were cooked. When the accumulation of shells left these fireplaces in a hollow, these hollows were filled up and another fireplace was started above the old one, or in another place.

"An interesting fact has been proven by the surroundings of these fireplaces, and that is the inevitable conclusion that the original Florida Indian was a cannibal. I have found together about these feeding places the bones of the wild turkey, the bones of a deer cracked open to get at the marrow, and the bones of human beings, charred and showing the result of cooking. If I had seen but one instance of this I should not make this assertion, but it has been proven by repeated discoveries, and the conclusion that I have reached is that the Indian of centuries ago in this state was in the habit of eating his kind."

"The sand mounds were formed in a different manner. They are conical in shape, and were evidently built with great care. They were used as the burial places of the dead, and we have found evidences of their having also been used as places of residence. They were formed in strata or layers, which were built one above the other at widely separated periods of time. I am also satisfied that they were constructed, at least many of them, in pre-Columbian periods, but how long before the discovery of America by Columbus I am not able to determine. We have been able to trace to a certain extent the relation of these Indians with the other tribes in other parts of the country. We have found many pieces of copper of the kind called 'lake copper,' or that which is found in the northern peninsula of Michigan, and in the Lake Superior region, from which the peculiar kind takes its name. These Indians did not have the knowledge of the alloys of the metals, and the lake copper is a pure metal, while that which was known in Europe was alloyed, or was not taken from deposits of the metal. I have proven this fact by careful analysis of the metal that I have found in these mounds, and my theories have been accepted by the scientific world as bearing on the antiquity of the Indian in this state."

"An interesting fact has been also developed in the study of anthropology by the study of these mounds. It is in regard to the stature of the ancient tribes as compared with the present western Indians. The measure of the length of a man's thigh always bears a certain proportion to his height. With this as a guide, I may say that I have never found the bones of a man six feet tall in Florida sand mounds."

Cheap Power From the Coal Fields. Up to the present time substantially all the transmissions of any magnitude have been from water powers, and it is singular to note how their success has stimulated their production. Water powers have been discovered in unheard-of numbers, and even where they were hardly suspected. But there is an end to such discoveries, and sooner or later, beginning in the very near future, something must be done with the next largest amount of unused energy remaining. This is to be found in the huge store of fuel that is our legacy from the carboniferous age. How great it is we can only guess, for we have perhaps hardly begun to take account of it. Yet this is no reason why we should play the spendthrift with that which we now have. Huge piles of waste coal are landmarks in every mining region, and below ground are enormous masses, untouched as yet because of poor quality.

The transportation of coal is really a special case of the transmission of energy, and we may with perfect fairness compare it with electrical transmission. If it be cheaper and easier to ship coal from the mine to the point of consumption than it is to burn the coal at the mine and transmit the resulting energy, then the latter course must show cause for its existence. Coals, we know, have varying values as fuel, while the cost of mining and transportation is fairly uniform. Hence, any examination of the question just raised must take this difference into account. While coal is plentiful and water powers still remain untapped, of course temptation is weak in the direction of colossal transmissions from cheap coal is partially removed. Yet it should not be forgotten that coal ought never to be cheap enough to throw away, and water powers are often of deceptive value. It often happens that the expense of developing them makes the investor sad, and wherever cheap coal is available it deserves to be thoroughly investigated with reference to the possibility of electrical transmission.

The present state of the case is that on a large scale the transmission of power from the culm pile, or the now unworked coal mine, over even considerable distances stands a good chance of commercial success. The larger the plant and the steeper the service, the greater the distance over which power can be sent to compete with that generated on the spot.—Dr. Louis Bell in Cassier's Magazine.

Where He Drew the Line. The man who sold windmills adjusted his chair at a new angle, crossed his feet on the railing of the balcony, looked his hands over the top of his head, and began:

"Curious fellows, those Wayback farmers are; droll chaps to deal with, too; cute and sharp at a bargain. Most of them know a good thing when they see it, so I took a good many orders; but once in a while I come across a conservative old hayseed whose eyes are closed to anything modern. One of that sort helped me to a good laugh the other day, and I might as well pass it on."

"He was a genial, white-headed old fellow, who owned several fine farms, with prime orchards and meadows, barns and fences in apple-pie order, and dwellings serene in comfort."

"He listened closely while I expatiated on the excellence of our make of our machines; then taking a fresh supply of Cavendish, he squared himself in his chair, with his hands in his pockets, and held forth in this fashion:

"Waal, Stranger," he said, "your machine may be all right; but now see here. I settled here in the airy fifties, broke the trail for the last few miles,

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blazin' the trees as we came along. I had a fair start, good health, a yoke o' cattle, a cow, an axe, with one bit an' three coppers in my pocket. I built a log house with a shake raft an' a puncheon floor, an' a cow-shed of popple poles ruffed with sod. I worked hard, up airy an' down late, clearin' up land by degrees, an' diggin' a livin' out o' the sile by main strength, an' no favors except the blessin' o' the Almighty. The Lord's been good to me. He's g'n me housen an' barns; He's g'n me horses an' cattle; He's g'n me sheep an' swine, an' feathered fowl o' many kinds. An' now, stranger, after all that, I'll be everlastingly durned if I'll be so mean as to ask Him to pump water for 'em."

"And then," continued the story-teller, "he brought his hand down on his knee with a whack that fairly echoed through the house. Of course I couldn't urge him to purchase after that expression of his sentiments, and I left him. Independent, wasn't he?"

Then the windmill man chuckled, as if he enjoyed the memory of the scene he had just described; and his hearers enjoyed his story so much that when he left he was richer by three or four orders.—From the "Editor's Drawer," in Harper's Magazine for November.

## Fine Cotton

## Comfortables!

We laid in a stock before the advance in price, 75c up. Handsome, thick-with-comfort Quilts, \$2.98.

## Eiderdown

made up into Night Robes and other handy garments meet the demands of the weather, 25c yd. Pretty Figured Eiderdowns 18c yd.

## Those handy

## Curtain

## Stretchers

that every lady wants, have arrived. We have quite a big stock of them, but better to come early than not get one. West Store, Basement.

## F M Brown &amp; Co.

## DRESSMAKING.

The S. T. Taylor system taught in a thorough and practical manner.

## MADAME GEDNEY

is now forming classes for day and evening. Will begin Tuesday, Oct. 1.

Room 42, Insurance Building, 830 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.

## Cold

## Wave

Free Pipe, Zinc and Elbow with Range before November 1st.

Coming! Don't you need a Parlor Stove or a fine Range,—the coal saving kind, at our low prices? Cash if you like!

Our Easy Payment Plan gives you all the comforts now.

If you want the new fashions in Carpets, Furniture, etc., we have them at least cost.

P. J. KELLY &amp; CO.,

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## NEW

## Crop Teas.

Fine Oolong Tea, 35 cts per pound, 3 lbs for \$1.00.

Fine Japan Tea 35 cts per lb, 3 pounds for \$1.00.

Fine English Breakfast Tea, 35 cts per pound, 3 lbs for \$1.00.

Fine Gunpowder Tea, 35 cts lb, 3 pounds for \$1.00.

Goodwin's Tea &amp; Coffee Store,

344 State Street,

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